

RvB: The last of Humanity

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Summary: [Red vs Blue] Earth is destroyed. Red and Blue are all that remains of humanity. Full of Het Romance and Astronomy. Rated for language and sex.

1. Really fuckin' bright doom

"Seriously...have you seen her without her helmet? I gotta know, dude!" Tucker asked Church. They stood on top of the base, talking about their new teammate.

"God damnit, Tucker." Church said, frustrated "For the last time, ask Caboose. They've been inseparable ever since she got here. Maybe he knows what she looks like."

"Do you at least know what her name is?" Tucker asked.

"No. I don't. Ask Caboose." Church said, radiating anger. He turned and walked off the edge, landing light on his feet inside the base. He turned and looked up at Tucker. "I have a better idea. Go ask her."

* * *

>"So yeah. Grif brought me over here because your Blue, and I was at the Red Base."<p><p>

"Wow..." Caboose was standing in the shade listening to her story, in awe. "So...now there's two Grif's?"

"I guess so." she said, facing him. "Your Caboose, right?"

"Yeah." Caboose said coolly. "Have you met Tucker and Church yet?"

"Yeah, but..." she said "I don't know which ones which from here."

"Oh. Okay." Caboose turned to face the base. "Church is that one with the light blue armor, and Tucker is blue-ish green. Tex is the black one, but she's not up there, and Sheila is the lady in the tank."

"Oh." she said. This didn't help her at all. One of the two just jumped into the base. "Umm...I'm colorblind, Caboose."

"No your not, your yellow!" Caboose said. He took a step back and looked at her. "See?"

"Umm...I mean, I cant see colors." she took a step back from Caboose and looked at him. "Your all grey to me."

"If your colorblind, how do you know what grey-"

"HEY!" They turned to see Tucker running toward them.

"This one is Tucker." Caboose said, forgetting his question.

"So ummm...rookie...do you have a name?" Tucker asked.

"Ummmm- "

"This is Grif's sister." Caboose interrupted.

"Okay. So ummm...Grif's sister." Tucker tried to say it without it sounding awkward. "So, Church and I were wondering..."

Caboose turned away from the conversation and looked around the canyon. Things were going to be a lot more fun with a friend around. He smiled under his helmet at the thought, repressing giggles. Caboose looked at the sky where the ship she had arrived in dropped from. It was great that command-what the hell is this? Caboose squinted on the thing in the sky that had gotten his attention. It looked like a dot. Upon closer inspection, Caboose realized it was a star. Couldn't be. There were never any stars visible before.

"Umm, Tucker?" Caboose said nervously. "Why is there a star?"

"What are you on about?" Tucker asked, turning to Caboose.

"Look! That dot in the sky!" Caboose said, pointing up.

"Caboose, it's a star, dumbass." Tucker said angrily.

"I have never seen stars from the Gulch before." Caboose said, focusing the sniper rifle on it. It didn't help any. "I think it's kinda pretty."

This stopped Tucker from commenting. Caboose was right. They've never seen stars at the Gulch before. Tucker looked up at it again. It was small, but very bright. He made up his mind.

"Hey, your right. I'll be right back." Tucker said to them. "I'm gonna tell Church, just in case."

* * *

>"Seriously. You just fucking ran off? Didn't think I'd worry about you?" Church asked. He was trying not to snap, or be heard by anyone else at the same time.<p><p>

"What, like you give a shit?" Tex said dryly. Church lowered his head, glaring, a serious expression under his helmet.

"Hey guys!" Tucker came bounding into the base. "Guys, Caboose spotted something unusual." Church and Tex turned to him.

"Unusual? Like what" Church snapped.

"Have you guys ever seen stars here before?" Tucker asked.

"No." Tex said. "Were too close to the sun to see stars. Why?"

"Well, I don't know what it is then, but it's pretty fuckin' bright."

* * *

>"Okay. Look where my finger is pointing, then look up a little." Caboose was telling Church as he sighted with the sniper rifle.<p><p>

"Man, it's too bright to see through this damn thing." Church said, lowering it.

"Maybe you should call Command." Tucker said. Church turned to look at him. "What? Maybe it's someone coming to attack us or something they don't know about." Tucker said. Church thought for a moment.

"I suppose it wont hurt."

* * *

>"Hey Simmons! Come check this out!"<p><p>

"Donut, if I go up there and find another origami crane army, I'm gonna be pissed off."

Donut turned around as Simmons reached the top of the ramp, then turned back around

"Look! It's a star!" Donut said, pointing to it. Simmons looked where he was pointing.

"A star?" Simmons questioned. "I've never seen stars here before!"

"Wonder why we'd be seeing one now. Do you know which one it is?" Donut asked

"No." Simmons answered, looking up at it. "Maybe it's new. Go get the star atlas, I'll get a telescope."

"Sweet!" Donut exclaimed, jumping into the base through the opening in the floor.

Simmons looked at the sky. "We shouldn't be seeing stars out here. It never gets dark here. Whatever it is, it's burning hotter and brighter than the sun, or it exploded."

* * *

>"Hey dude!" Vic greeted.<p><p>

"Hey Vic. It's Church. Got a second?"

"Sure dude...and there it goes...but how about a favor?"

Church grumbled in frustration. "Sure. So, uhhh...Caboose spotted a star today, a really fuckin' bright one, and were wondering whats up?"

"Okay dude. I'll fax ya things to fill out for me. Just uhhh... Just fill out everything ya know and I'll get back to you."

* * *

>Donut and Simmons met up again at the top of the base, Donut with a star atlas and a notebook, and Simmons holding a telescope and tripod.<p><p>

However, after several minutes of writing down angles and doing math...

"Simmons, are you sure all those numbers are correct?" Donut asked, eyes still on the star atlas.

"Yeah." Simmons answered. He looked at Donut. "Why?"

"Well, check my math, just to make sure." Donut handed Simmons the paper. After a few minutes, Simmons saw why Donut was uneasy.

"I must have read something incorrectly." Simmons said, turning back to the telescope. "Lets start over."

* * *

>"You traded all the paper to DONUT?" Church asked, growing very angry.<p><p>

"Ummm--"

"What the FUCK, Caboose?!" Church smacked his own forehead. "Ugh! Well what did you get for it!"

"Donut gave me Lucky Charms." Caboose answered. "Then Tucker ate them for breakfast."

"Oh my GOD!" Church was too angry. He turned and left the room so he didn't do anything out of his frustration, completely forgetting about their site in the sky.

* * *

>"Simmons, those are the same numbers you gave me the last three

times. Their correct." Donut said. There was fear and unease in his voice. All of the charts they had used were scattered around the roof of the base, but all containing the same data.<p><p>

"It just cant be. Whats the next closest thing?" Simmons asked, slightly panicked.

"Alpha Centauri." Donut said, reading off the chart. "4 light years away from earth." Donut gasped loudly. "Oh my god! Only 4 light years away from earth? If it...!"

"But if it did, it happened 4 years ago!" Simmons said, nearing hysteria. He looked through the telescope again, wanting their new information to be false. Then, he hit panic. "Oh god! The earth was destroyed! Donut! Call Grif!"

2. The last of Humanity

"So...the earth could seriously be gone!" Donut was pushing hysteria. Simmons grabbed him by his shoulders and pushed him down into a chair.

"Dude, fucking relax." Simmons said, also pushing hysteria. "We just did some math wrong or something! I'm gonna go tell Sarge. Maybe command will want to know about this." Simmons was trying to convince himself as he ran through the base. There's no way the earth could be gone. That would mean no more home, no more earth calendar or time, and they could be the last of humanity.

The thought of having to breed with Tex made him shudder.

* * *

>"Every fucking time I try to get her alone, Caboose fucks it up for me." Tucker was whining to Church in the main room of the base.<p><p>

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. Like the time where I was really workin' it, then Caboose came in and asked if she wanted to help him make pancakes, and the time where I was showing her how to sight and then Caboose snuck up behind me."

"I don't wanna know about you workin' it. Wait...what were you showing her to sight with?" Church asked.

"The rocket launcher." Tucker answered. "I had her shoot the red's stupid jeep thing a couple of times."

"How did she do?" Church asked

"She did great. Better than me...and Caboose...and you...maybe even Tex." Tucker answered. "Well, maybe not Tex. She's still a rookie after all."

"Still good to know." Church said, smiling under his helmet. This new rookie might be useful after all.

"But really. She sounds kinda hot." Tucker said.

"Wait...how did you know she was a girl before we first met her?" Church asked

"I have a sixth sense. Whenever there's a hot girl, I-"

"Shutup Tucker."

* * *

>Tex stood on the roof of the blue base, holding a telescope. Everyone else had given up when the fax was never received. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw movement on top of the red base. It was that pink guy, and the maroon guy, whatever their names were. She also noticed they had a telescope and most of the equipment she needed, and they did still owe her a favor...<p><p>

* * *

>"Earth just cant randomly explode!" Donut, sounding hysterical.<p><p>

"Earth wouldn't have exploded! Alpha Centauri would have exploded and destroyed earth!" Simmons answered. He leaned on the table over the star map. "It had to have destroyed these two stars too, or it wouldn't be that bright." Simmons put a finger on Beta Centauri and Proxima, two stars that were the same distance away as earth.

"How do you figure it destroyed those two? Donut asked.

"Look at the math!" Simmons pulled another paper over for the two of them to look at. "Negative 21.6 is what the map tells us it's radius is. Now it's 130. The only logical explanation is that the light itself got bigger. Ridiculously bigger. A star as small as Alpha Centauri couldn't have that much of an increase alone! It exploded, the explosion reached earth and the other two stars, causing them to explode too."

They were silent for a few moments.

"I'm gonna go lay down." Donut said.

"What?"

"I'm gonna go lay down. This is a lot to be hearing all at once." Donut said. He turned and left, depressed. As he left, Grif entered the room.

"Hey Simmons? I need some help."

"What?"

"That Tex chick is standing outside the base, and she wants to use some of our stuff."

* * *

>"So, yeah." Simmons told Tex. He just explained the theory they had developed. "We already calculated the distance and luminocity, then

the mass compared to the star atlas. If were correct, the explosion was four times bigger than any explosion from one star could have been. Since it would have been summer on earth, earth was close to the sun when it happened, meaning this explosion might destroy Venus as well."<p><p>

Tex turned away from the telescope and looked at him. "Can you sum that up in english?"

"Yeah." Grif said. "Earth go kaboom."

"When did you find this out?" Tex asked Simmons.

"Donut pointed it out about five hours ago. Meaning the light first started to appear when everyone was sleeping. If I did all the right math, and I'm sure I did, the light's going to get a lot bigger. It's burning brighter than sun! With the size-"

"English."

"The whole thing is brighter than the sun."

* * *

>"Isn't it pretty?!" Caboose said. He was standing in the shade, pointing his discovery to Sister.<p><p>

"It looks like a comet." She said. "A big one!"

"Caboose, how many times have I told you not to stare directly into the sun!" Church shouted from atop the base. Tucker walked up to Church.

"Dude, their staring at that comet thing." Tucker said. "What's it called?"

"I don't know." Church said. "We cant get the fax. Caboose gave all the printer paper to Donut."

"Oh..." Tucker said, looking down. "Yeah... I remember now."

"It explains Donut was playing with an army of origami cranes yesterday."

"Who won that war, anyway?" Tucker asked. "Was it the cranes, or Simmons?"

"The cranes won." Church answered. He sighted the red base through the sniper rifle.

"That doesn't seem physically possible."

"Thats what Simmons was say-HOLY SHIT! That's Tex!" Church yelled, dropping to site on his knee's."

"What?" Tucker asked, dropping to his knees. "Maybe it's another freelancer...no wait, that's definitely Tex. My sixth sense-"

"Shutup."

They watched as Tex talked to Simmons and Grif, occasionally turning to the telescope.

"Is that a new turret?" Tucker asked.

"No." Church answered. "I've never seen a turret like that. I think it's a telescope." They watched for a minute. "Yeah. It is. There's glass on the end."

Church lowered the sniper rifle and they both stood up.

"Call her, dude." Tucker said.

"Yeah. Good idea." Church turned around and turned on his radio.
"Tex, come in Tex, this is Church?"

A few moments later. "Church?"

"Yeah." Church answered. "Tex, what the fuck? Are you switching sides?"

"No. We need to talk, Church. The reds have been watching that explosion in the sky."

"What explosion?" Church asked. No answer. Tex had actually sounded worried. That wasn't good. He turned around to Tucker. "Tucker. I think you and the rookies should meet me and Tex in the base when she gets back here."

* * *

>"That's it. Earth was destroyed." Tex finished, looking at Tucker, Caboose, and Sister. It was just plain unbelievable. Sister turned and slowly walked out of the room, slumping, deeply depressed. Tucker stood stock still, staring at the floor. He couldn't make any innuendo jokes or diss Church, he felt too awful. Caboose, who was holding back tears under his helmet, ran after Sister, finally bursting into tears and screaming for his mother. Church and Tex looked at each other, silently communicating. Tucker's new alien baby walked into the room and hugged Tucker's leg, unable to understand anything. Tucker picked him up and walked out of the room after Caboose and Sister. Church sighed heavily, and started fumbling for the release on his helmet, finally putting it off and dropping it on the floor. He ran a hand through his black hair, scratched his chin, and sighed heavily.<p><p>

"Caboose took it better than I thought he would."

"I agree." said Tex, not moving her gaze from the floor. She felt awful, like something was ripping her heart to pieces and beating them.

"Are you sure about this all, Tex?" Church asked. He didn't want it to be true either. Tex didn't answer, that meant yes.

Tex reached up, pushed the release for her helmet, and pulled it off, setting her helmet on the floor. More silence. She looked glanced at Church, then back at the floor. She didn't feel this way often. "I feel sick, Church."

Church slowly approached her, gently helped her to her feet, and held her against him, gathering her long red hair behind her. She didn't object like she normally would. She rested her hands on his shoulders and her head on his warm neck. The cold armor was uncomfortable, but she didn't care. Church put an arm around her back and pressed her close. They needed each other right now.

3. Rookie Love

"If I hadn't have left when I did..." Sister wailed. The phrase repeating in her mind over and over. She was sitting on Caboose's bunk, facing the wall, crying. Caboose stood in front of the bunk in the middle of the room, looking between her back and the floor. Their helmets lay forgotten in another corner of the dark cold room.

"Please stop crying." Caboose said, sadness in his voice. He frowned, sadly. Caboose was pale white with short spiky blond hair, a youthful face, and eyes to match his armor. He was very sad, but he had stopped crying. After they'd gotten the news, Church told Caboose that everything was going to be okay, and to stay with Sister and comfort her. To do that, he needed to forget his own sadness. "Church said everything would be okay, and Church is not wrong. You are here with us and you are safe. No stars are going to explode and hurt you, or me, or Church." This didn't help her to stop crying any. Caboose sighed. He was trying his best. "Pretty please stop crying? I'll give you a hug, or a cookie! For me?"

Sister, still sobbing, hearing this, made an effort to cease her crying. "Okay." She mumbled, not moving her gaze from the floor. Minutes passed in silence as her cries died to sobs, then to silence. She couldn't help but cry, but Caboose had been nothing but good to her, and if that was all he asked, she'd make the effort. After all, Caboose didn't want to disappoint Church, meaning he'd try forever if he had to. Caboose was the first to break the silence.

"There." he said, when her crying had ceased. He moved to sit on the edge of his bunk, looking over his shoulder at her. "When other people cry, it makes me sad too..." Caboose rested his forehead against his palms and looked at the floor. "...and I do not want to be sad anymore." He closed his eyes, fighting the sad thoughts.

Sister looked down at her lap, thinking about what Caboose was saying. She pushed a bit of her long red hair behind her ear. She had a youthful face with freckles across her nose and hair to her bust. While what happened was indeed a horrible tragedy, she did not want to be sad either. She was sad, but she did not want to be sad. "Church says that everything will be alright once we make some changes." Caboose said, looking at the floor. She sighed and looked up at Caboose.

"Thank you, Caboose." She crawled across the bed to him, and let her arms slide around his neck, resting her head on his shoulder. Caboose raised his head and looked at her, grinning. Suddenly, she felt better, just from giving a hug. Not euphoria or anything, but less sad. She grinned and pulled him closer to her. They stayed there for several moments. "I don't want to be sad anymore either." Caboose

smiled, proud of himself. While he was still sad, Church would be very pleased with him. Caboose's talking masked the sound of a door unlatching.

"Come on. Let's go outside." Caboose said, grinning, as Sister released Caboose. He took her hand and helped her off the bed and to her feet. "Tucker went to go get the reds so we can be friends with them. You will like the pink one. He is very nice."

"Awwww...how cute."

* * *

>After several awkward conversations, the Reds agreed to visit the Blue base.<p><p>

"So..." Church started. "So what the fuck happened?"

Simmons cleared his throat. "Well-"

"I'll do it." Grif cut him off. "You use long words." Grif turned to Church. "Basically, a star exploded, and it made 2 other stars and earth explode, and it all happened 4 years ago."

"Why aren't you guys all freaked out?" Tex asked. "Caboose and the new girl are still crying their eyes out."

"Donut finished crying his eyes out yesterday. We spotted the thing about a week ago." Simmons said. Donut muttered something incriminating under his breath.

"Where is she, anyway?" Grif asked.

"Their in the bunk room."

"They?"

"Yeah." said Church. "Caboose is in there with her." Donut giggled.

"Oh shut up, Donut."

"Bite me." Donut replied as Grif left.

"Is it possible for us to get hit with anything?" Tex asked.

"It's possible, but were pretty far away." Simmons said. He cleared his throat and looked down. "Command however..."

* * *

>Grif left down the hall, finding one door that wasn't open and assuming it was where his sister and Caboose were. He opened it just enough to see inside. His sister was on her knee's behind Caboose with her arms around him, and both were grinning ear to ear.<p><p>

"Come on. Let's go outside. Tucker went to go get the reds so we can be friends with them. You will like the pink one. He is very nice."

It looked like the Blue's were taking good care of her after all. Grif watched Caboose take her hand and help her off of the bunk.

"Awwww...how cute." Grif said, opening the door enough to reveal himself leaning in the door frame.

"Grif!" Sister exclaimed halfheartedly, running to Grif and hugging him.

"I take it your being treated well?"

"Oh yes." she said. "Tucker's really funny and Caboose is really sweet" (Caboose turned several shades of red and turned around to hide it.)

"How has Church been treating you?" Grif asked.

"Not badly. I'm still getting to know him." She answered.

"Glad to hear it." Grif said, relieved. "Hey, all of us from the Red side are here. We have to stick together now."

"Aren't you guys sad?" Sister asked, trying to mask her own sadness with an optimistic tone.

"We knew what had happened days before you guys did." Grif said. "Simmons is really smart. And Caboose is right. You'll like Donut."

* * *

>"The first thing we need to do is to get an inventory of all the supplies available, including food, and ration everything." Simmons said. Everyone was standing in a circle in the main room of the Blue Base, discussing what they should do next. "We need to ration the food to last as long as it can until we find another source."<p><p>

"Agreed. Could we grow anything?" Sarge asked.

"It's too hot and dry to grow anything here. We'd need to do it in a controlled environment...like inside." Simmons said. "Nothing will survive outside."

"We'll need to build a green room then." Tex said.

"Exactly. Also, I could program the teleporters to teleport from one base to the other, which could be useful."

They all left with a general run down of the first changes to be made. Simmons would return once they all woke again and re-program the teleporters on top of each base. Both teams had called Command before the end of the meeting and requested a large drop of food, water, and blankets. If Simmons was right, and he probably was, there might not be a command in another six months.

* * *

>The events of the day were too much. Everything was rationed out, from food, to medicine, even blankets. The girls' bunks were moved into the room where the men slept so they could make room. Grif and the other reds might end up staying in that room at some point. She couldn't sleep.<p><p>

Sister lay awake staring at the ceiling of the base. Note to self: The ceiling was grey. Just in case she ever ended up on Jeopardy, she had one more completely useless fact. Then again, she was colorblind. She sighed and turned her head to look around. Church had moved his bunk next to where Tex's had been put, and he was reaching for her in his sleep. It wasn't there when Tex had gone to sleep, so Tex would probably beat him later. Tucker's bunk stood alone. His head was covered and he was snoring a little. Baby Junior was asleep on the pillow. There was a white shirt laying across the end of the bed. Boring. She turned her head the other way to see Caboose. He was laying on one side of his bed, using 2 pillows...and he was hugging a stuffed Panda. Sister stifled her giggles at seeing the panda. A grown man holding a smiling plush panda was adorable. She thought for a moment. Caboose seemed to have a talent for making her calm and relaxed, maybe he could help her sleep as well. She left her bed to climb into Caboose's bunk, pulling her nightgown down as she walked. She pulled back the blankets a little too far, exposing Caboose to cold. Not wanting to wake him, Sister froze completely, biting her lip. Caboose turned over in his sleep, laying on his side to face her, and pulled the blankets closer to him. Whew! Sister climbed in and pulled the blankets over her. She snuggled up to Caboose with her back to him and breathed relief. She felt that it had worked instantly as she didn't feel tense anymore. Caboose was really warm, and it made her smile. She pulled one of his arms from the panda, settled it on her waist, and fell asleep.

* * *

>Tucker yawned and rolled over onto his side. Whatever the hell time it was, he didn't want to get up. However, waking up at the same time everyday, he felt his sleepiness ebb away. Church was still sleeping. His bunk had been moved next to Tex's bunk. Ooh boy, was he going to get it. He looked over to see that Sister's bunk was already empty. Tucker yawned, looking over to Caboose's bunk...and then he saw it.<p><p>

"Holy shit!" He exclaimed, barely above a whisper. Sister was in Caboose's bed, and they were totally spooning. Tucker, trying not to laugh, hurried out of bed and over to where Church was sleeping, and shook Church by his shoulders.

"Church!" Church turned over. "Church, wake up!"

"Whaddaya want?" Church moaned, pulling his pillow over his head. He'd rather wake up to Tex.

"Dude! Get a look at the rookies!" Tucker said, going over to look again. "It's cute in a weird way."

Church sat up and looked. Oh my god. Sister was in Caboose's bed, and Caboose was cuddling her.

"Dude..." Church said, climbing out of bed, grinning evilly at the site. "Caboose has her trapped good! Dude, get a camera. This could

be awesome blackmail material."

"Should we wake them up?" Tucker asked, getting excited "Ooh! Better! Let's get Grif!"

"No no no! Let em wake up on their own. It'll be more fun that way. Get a camera."

"Ya know, Church..." Tucker started. "Tex is going to fuckin' kill you."

"Your mother."

* * *

>Caboose opened his eyes a bit and yawned. He liked to sleep. He always felt great when he woke up. He made to move his arm to find...that it seemed to be stuck. He opened his eyes more lifted his head to see. Sister was sleeping next to him. They were both laying on their side. Caboose was impressed with himself. He was holding her. Like the cuddling kind. Sister was holding onto his arm, explaining why he couldn't move it. Caboose looked at her for a few moments, then smiled, enjoying her company, oblivious to any reasons why she would be in his bed in the first place.

* * *

>"Well, I think we should start today by re-programming the teleporters to link the two bases together." Simmons said over his breakfast. Sarge, Grif, Donut, Church, and Tucker were all listening as they ate in the blue base. "I can get it done in about half an hour and we can start moving the top priority supplies first."<p><p>

Suddenly, there was a loud high-pitched scream from where the Blue's slept. Grif stood up.

"I'll be right back. My sis probably had a nightmare or something." Grif said, leaving.

Tex shot right up in her bed and stared at Caboose, eye twitching out of anger. Sister was standing in front of Caboose's bed looking shocked, and Caboose turned around in his bed to look at Tex, looking panicked.

"What the HELL is going on?" Tex snapped, sitting upright, holding her SMG in one hand and rubbing her eyes with the other.

"Well, ummmm, it's kinda, ummmm, well..."

"My panda is gone!" Caboose cried, jumping out of his bed and whipping his blankets off. "My panda bear is missing! I cant find it!"

"Oh..." Sister said, quietly, pursing her lips. That worked out well for her. Her eyes shifted toward Tex.

"You gotta be fuckin' kidding me, Caboose. It's under your damn bed!" Tex yelled.

Then, Grif came running into the room and ran up to his sister.

"Are you okay What happened?" Grif asked.

"I'm fine." Sister said, taking the blankets and making up Caboose's bunk. "Caboose was the one who screamed."

All three looked over to see Caboose giving a smiling panda plush a hug and rocking back and forth.

4. Gardens and emotions

Simmons stood on top of the Blue base, staring at the site through a telescope. It was getting bigger, meaning the light from the explosion was finally reaching them. He looked down and bit his lip. When the light was the brightest and largest, that'd be the light from the explosion itself. He could calculate exactly when it had happened. All they had to go off was that it happened 4 years ago. He looked through the telescope again. Nothing changed, he didn't expect anything to.

> He had spent the previous day reprogramming the teleporters. Now, one could go from one base to the other as needed. Several crates of ammo and food had been opened, labeled, and stored at each of their bases. Things from Blue base were moved to Red Base, as space was needed for the necessary green room.<p>

* * *

>"I'm thinking we could grow smaller vegetables against that wall, and larger ones against those two walls." Tex was telling Church and Sarge. "We could put some fruit in the middle."<p><p>

"How much work is this going to be?" Sarge asked.

"Not very much once we get everything planted." Tex said. "We just need to leave the lights on and water everything daily."

"I got an idea!" Church said. Sarge and Tex turned to him. "Let's put Donut in charge of this whole gardening thing." They all turned as the sound of something breaking was heard.

"I heard my name!" Donut yelled through the base. He sounded excited.

Church rolled his eyes. "What broke?"

"Ummmm...I broke Caboose's piggy bank. It's filled with candy corn."

Church rolled his eyes and turned back to Tex and Sarge. "Well, how long will it take before things start growing?"

"If we start digging and planting today, I'll say about two weeks." Tex said. No reply meant Church and Sarge were shocked. "Once things start growing though, they won't stop if we maintain everything correctly. Besides, we have what Blue and Red Command dropped. All of it, plus what we had before is more than enough. Even for all you big starving men...and Donut."

* * *

>Caboose came running out of the base and up to Sister. "Guess what! Guess what!"<p><p>

"What?" She answered.

"Church wants us to dig a lot of holes!"

Caboose and Sister began digging holes around the base. The dirt was needed for all the planting that would be done. Caboose was humming loudly to himself as he worked. Sister watched, deep in thought. She was a little startled from the events of yesterday morning. She had been woken up when Caboose screamed out loud, saying his Panda bear was missing, but she wasn't sure if she believed that's why he screamed at all. Then again, something like that would scare Caboose, and nothing seemed to change. There wasn't any awkward feelings. Well, okay, it was Caboose who doesn't say many intelligent things and only functioned halfway, but there was no bad awkwardness. The awkwardness there was made Sister laugh, and pissed off Church. It was cute. She watched as Caboose spotted a butterfly a few feet away and chased after it, dropping his shovel and running randomly through the canyon. She laughed to herself. Yeah, he definitely screamed because of his missing panda.

* * *

>"I was thinking we could put the smaller vegetables against one wall, and the larger ones can have the other two walls." Tex was telling Donut. "We'll put the fruit on an island in the middle."<p><p>

"Oh man! This is gonna be awesome!" Donut exclaimed. "What have we got to plant?"

Tex handed him a large envelope full of seeds. "Mostly smaller vegetables in this one, like radishes and cherry tomatoes. There's supposed to be another envelope somewhere within the last supply drop with large vegetables, like lettuce and stuff."

"Ooh! Were definitely growing some watermelon!" Donut exclaimed, finding watermelon seeds. He was positively beaming under his helmet. "I LOVE watermelon! Ooh! I can start making pies and calzones! And pizza!"

Tex walked away, leaving Donut to giggle like a schoolgirl, believing that all would go well with the green room.

* * *

>Meanwhile...<p><p>

"Caboose! Don't make me snipe the damn butterfly!" Church yelled. He was standing on top of the base, being pissed off. Sister was near their digging site laughing hysterically.

"Whatever Church. You can't make that shot." Tucker said.

"Your mother."

* * *

>"Hey Simmons!" Grif called through red base. They were in a room of crates from the drop, opening each and sorting the contents.<p><p>

"What is it, Grif?"

"Hows it possible for the earth to explode, anyway?"

"Dude, don't yell. You don't want Donut to hear you! He'll get all emo again." Simmons snapped. He thrust a blanket at Grif.

"He's over at the blue base doing gardening shit." Grif answered, catching the blanket and tossing it in a crate next to him.

"Seriously, how is it possible for the earth to randomly explode?"

"It wasn't possible for the earth to explode." He looked up at Grif. "Alpha Centauri exploded and earth was destroyed because of it. Earth was 4 light years away from us, so it's taken this long for the light to reach us."

"English, dude."

"No. It's not possible."

"Ah." Grif answered. He opened the top of a box, looked in it, and closed it. "So whats left of it?"

"The rest of the Milky way." Simmons threw Grif another blanket. "Some planets might get hit with debris, but thats about the worst that can happen."

"Thats the worst that can happen?" Grif stood up, looking very serious. The worst had already happened, and everyone was being really chill about it. "Dude, were the last of humanity, because they were too stupid to do something about this star exploding."

"What were they supposed to do, move the earth?" Simmons answered. He knew what was going on. Grif was just having a hard time coping with it. Through the whole thing, he seemed the most unchanged. His feelings had to show at some point.

"Would it have been possible to move the earth?" Grif asked.

"I'm not going to answer that." Simmons said, putting a lid on a crate. "There's no use dwelling on it. We need to get our lives back to normal."

Grif stopped and thought for a second. He knew Simmons was right, but as much as he didn't want to admit it, he was sad. If his Sister hadn't have left earth when she did... That made them the last blood relatives-ever. _Ever. _A thud shook him out of it. He had been concentrating on his thoughts and dropped a large box full of soap. The box collapsed and the soap rolled everywhere. Simmons sighed and looked at Grif.

"You'll mind will settle, just give it time."

"Dude, why the fuck did Sarge have to give me all your fucking emotions?"

"Well, why you guys are still settling back to normal, I'm fine." Simmons said. "Someone's gotta keep up the routine."

* * *

>"Seriously. Caboose?" Tucker whined again. "Man, he gets all the chicks...and Donut."<p><p>

"Just let it be." Church said. "Were the last of humanity."

"Yeah, but any kids they have will be complete dumbasses."

"True. Don't give them any ideas."

* * *

>d<p><p>

Time was spent shoveling the dirt into cardboard boxes, as they had nothing else. Sister was labeling what each box was to grow as they were carried in, while Grif complained about it.

"This is tiring." Grif set a down a box labeled 'cherry tomatoes' and watched boredly as his sister moved it to it's spot in the room. "How many more boxes are there?"

"Only about twenty." Said Simmons, coming behind him with a box set for radishes.

"_Only? About? Twenty?_" Grif exclaimed. "Neither of those words make me feel any better."

They moved from the door as Church brought in a box of onions and left. Grif looked at his sister.

"Hey Sis! How much did you guys dig anyway?"

"Church said he'd stop us when there was enough dirt."

"How long were you digging?"

"Four hours."

"Well, with only 2 people-"

"Shut up, Simmons."

Donut walked in, carrying a box. "Hey, it means there's gonna be a lot of food." Donut smiled under his helmet and turned on his cute voice. "And I know how much Grif likes food!"

"Shut up, Donut,"

5. What do we do now?

Junior's cries woke up Tucker. He opened his eyes, frowning, and

groaned in disappointment. If he didn't get out of bed, Junior would wake up the rest of the base. Tucker reluctantly pulled the blankets off him and ignored the sudden cold as he walked across the room. Junior stopped crying and came running to him and grabbed him around his leg. Well, that was easy. Tucker picked him up and walked back to bed, overtired. However, some noise caught his ear.

"Your hair tickles." It was Caboose, who then started giggling. Then Sister giggled. If they were trying to be quiet, well, they failed.

Tucker rolled his eyes. He didn't wanna know. It was just too early for their shit.

"Whatever the fuck you two are doing, be quiet." Tucker said. It took no effort to sound angry. Junior was already asleep in his arms. "Already woke Junior." He continued to trudge to his bed when he heard...uh ho...that was definitely kissing. Then...

"I feel tingly..." Caboose again. Sister giggled.

Tucker practically growled. "Seriously. Quiet. Silence. Mute. I don't wanna get back outta bed."

Caboose made a shushing noise. "The darkness is watching!" He said, not lowering the volume any.

"Oh god." Tucker gave up and sat on the edge of his bed, holding Junior. He made a mental note to tell Church.

* * *

>"Come in Blue Command." Church called. He instantly got pissed off. "Answer your GODDAMN RADIO!"<p><p>

"Hey dude! Take it easy!" Came Vic's high pitched annoying voice. "This thing don't work so well in the elevator."

"Vic, it's Church. Quick question." Church said, gritting his teeth.

"Go for it, dude."

"WHY THE FUCK DIDN'T YOU TELL US THE EARTH EXPLODED! OF ALL THE THINGS YOU SHOULD TELL US, WHY THE FUCK DIDN'T YOU TELL US THIS! HOW FUCKIN' HUGE DOES SOME EVENT HAVE TO BE FOR US TO BE INFORMED? IF I EVER SEE YOU I SWEAR TO GOD..."

Tex sighed as she watched Church yell into his radio. She agreed, but had her own thoughts on the subject. What was the point of telling Church about it? He couldn't do anything. The reds couldn't do anything. If they hadn't have seen the star in the first place, they'd never have known. Then again, maybe the Blue Command had it's reasons. She reminded herself that she technically wasn't blue, which meant there might be some things she wasn't told. Tex thought to herself. Church was right about one thing. What did have to happen? The earth exploding. That's pretty important news. Whether or not anyone could do anything about it, it was pretty big news, and it affected her whether she was blue or not.

"FUCK YOU TOO! YOUR GONNA DIE ANYWAY!" Church yelled. He fumbled with his helmet, pulled it off, and threw it across the room. It hit a wall and sat in the corner.

"You gotta relax, Church." Tex said. They were in the main room of the base, alone. He had snapped. They all would eventually from repressing the sadness.

"Goddamnit! I am gonna rip out Vic's eyeballs and piss in the sockets if I ever see him." There was a pause. Then, Church kicked a crate and yelled "GODDAMNIT"

"Church, breathe for a sec." Tex said. Church looked up at her. "You've just snapped, thats all. It just occurred to me. Everyone's gonna snap from trying to ignore all this sadness. Therefore, we gotta stay strong for them, cause their all retarded.." Church sat on the floor next to the crate, facing Tex.

"Yeah, I know. Still, fuckin' Vic-"

"Vic didn't do anything." Tex said.

"Exactly." Church said. "Thats why I'm pissed off. He didn't tell us anything." He ran a hand through his hair and inhaled deeply. After a few moments, he looked back and Tex and said "I'm sorry."

"It's alright." Tex hit the release on her helmet and pulled it off over her head. She shook her head, letting her hair fall. She noticed Church watching her and said "What?"

"Your hairs gotten awfully long since the last time-"

"Shutup, Church."

"Just sayin'."

They sat there in a very uncomfortable silence for a few moments.

"Donut could cut it for you if you'd like." Church said. "I was told he's good at that."

Tex's mind changed topics. "If were not fighting anymore, do we still need to wear the armor?"

Church thought. "Would you rather Tucker be staring at your chest?"

"Good point." Tex said. She sighed heavily and sat down next to Church. They were awkwardly silent for a moment, and then Tex thought of another question. _What do we do now?_ It was a very deep question.

"Church?"

"Yeah?"

"What do we do now?"

There was no more earth. No more home. No more humans. No more

calendar, time, or weather. She looked at Church. He was deep in thought. More awkward silence.

Church sighed heavily and put his arm around Tex's shoulder, leaning his head back against the wall.

"Were not going to live forever."

* * *

>"Hey! Grif! Get over here!" Church called.<p><p>

The Reds were over to help finish moving things to be stored. Grif turned around and hurried over.

"Whaddaya want, man?" Grif asked

"You and I need to have a talk about Caboose and your sister." Church said. Grif's head snapped up to look at Church.

"What?" He then turned around, slowly turning his head, scanning for Caboose. "Why that-"

"No no no!" Church interrupted. Grif turned around to face Church again. "You got that part wrong." Church cleared his throat. "So ummm...Tucker has told me he caught them kissing, and I think it would be a good time for a little chat with both of them."

Grif turned around to look at Caboose some more, then turned back to Church. "Cant I just shoot him?"

"Dude, were the last of humanity!" Church said.

"Yeah, we don't want Caboose and my sister to re-populate the humans!" Church grew uncomfortable at that statement. "Thats like...like...pouring bleach in the gene pool!"

"Ummmm..."

"I mean, Caboose was already in the shallow end, but then my sister, and-"

"Dude." Church interrupted. "I don't think we should talk about re-populating humans."

"Whatever dude. Do you wanna talk to them together or separate?"

"Hey Church!" It was Tex. Church turned to her as Grif left.

"I just thought of something. We should pool everyone's possessions."

"What?"

"We should pool together all the things we have between everyone. Make a general use pool."

"That's not a bad idea."

6. The anniversary

Sister half opened her eyes. All was well today. She moved her head just enough to see the rest of the bunk room. Everyone else had already woke up. This could be bad because they were probably seen, but then again, they might not care. She was distracted by her thoughts by Caboose yawning in his sleep and turning to lie on his back. He would wake up soon. Well, she could get up, or stay there. Getting up entailed getting out of his bed, taking a shower, and working under the hot sun to survive. Staying in bed entailed warm smiling Caboose, who was always happy to be in her company. Of course she could have both if she stayed there longer. He yawned again, turning on his side facing her, still sleeping.

Sister thought back to the night before. It was pitch black. Tucker's baby had woken them up with it's crying. As Tucker and Junior were going back to their bunk, Sister, and Tucker, heard what sounded like kissing. She nudged Caboose awake with her elbow, and he greeted her by saying her hair tickled him. It was funny and she giggled. Tucker again spat at them, thinking they were the ones kissing. Sister grinned evilly and tickled Caboose's neck with the ends of her hair. Caboose said "I feel tingly" and she giggled some more. Tucker thought it was them kissing, when it was really Tex and Church. Sister smiled to herself, wondering what kissing Caboose would be like.

* * *

>The light in the sky seemed awfully bright today. Almost four times as much. Simmons looked up from the telescope. No harm in taking data today. This might be the brightest it was going to get. He chatted with Grif as they worked.<p><p>

"It's just a good idea. To get an accurate answer, I have to get the information when it's at it's biggest and brightest." Simmons told Grif. "Compare _that_ to two days ago."

"It's quite a difference." Grif said, looking at it. He turned to Simmons. "Dude, I don't understand any of this star stuff at all. Forget for one second that were on another planet, and tell me what the fuck happened."

"Negative twenty one point six."

"What?"

"Write that down. That was the radial velocity when we first spotted it." Simmons said. "Whats the number I gave you today?"

"Uhhh..." Grif looked for the answer on the page. "650, but what do they mean?"

"Negative 21.6 was it's original size from where I observed it first. Now it's 650. The only logical explanation is that the light itself got bigger. Ridiculously bigger."

"How did it get that big on it's own?"

"It didn't."

A few minutes later, Simmons and Grif found themselves leaning over a star map in the base.

"This is Alpha Centauri." Simmons pointed to it on the map. "It would have to be the one 1 of 3 stars to have such a large explosion. When it did explode, it was big enough to blow up earth and the other 2 stars. That's why it's so bright today. This day 4 years ago was when-"

"Yeah yeah yeah." Grif said, not wanting to hear that it was the anniversary of mankind's doom. "Save your breath."

"The map says that Alpha Centauri was bigger than the sun. Not as bright though. But with all the light from 4 objects exploding, we should see-"

"Great. Now were all going to get cancer."

"Ugh...lets just take these over to the blue base." Simmons said, rolling his eyes.

"Wait, why wasn't command destroyed?"

"Red Command isn't earth based. They operate from Cairo."

"Thank god for that."

"Cairo floats around here." Simmons pointed to an area on the map. "The station will be destroyed eventually."

Grif sighed heavily. "Don't you ever say anything that'll please me?"

"Well I-"

"Shutup."

* * *

>"Don't look directly into it, Caboose." Church was saying. He had a feeling Caboose wasn't listening anyway, because Caboose was staring straight up into it, occasionally taking a few steps to keep from falling over when he leaned back to far.<p><p>

Their discovery seemed to have gotten bigger, and Church had 2 options. Simmons, or Vic. Of course, he would ask them both. He'd make Tucker call Vic though after the last "conversation" they had. Church watched as Caboose fell over backwards and rolled down the hill, laughing. Yet another thing to worry about. Tucker said something about Caboose and Sister kissing in the night. Even though he sat alone, Church turned red. It wasn't Caboose and Sister who were kissing. He shut his eyes, replaying the calming images in his head. He had woken up to find Tex awake, pushing insomnia. He moved to her, touched her shoulder to get her attention, and whispered if she was okay. She turned to him and cuddled up to him, facing him, and for the first time in a long time, she had kissed him...passionately. But they were forced to stop once Tucker had started bitching at Caboose and Sister though. Church knew Tex was having a hard time coping with the whole 'the earth has been

destroyed' thing, but he never expected-

"CHURCH!"

"GAH!" Church yelped in surprise and fell over backwards. Grif was leaning over him.

"So uhhh... I had a little chat with my sister and she has no idea what your talking about."

"Dumbass, don't scare me like that!" Grif grabbed Church by the wrist and had him up in one swift movement. "Your sister must be confused." While there was no harm in anyone knowing, Tex might just kick his ass. "If she used her voice filter, it was just Tucker screwin' with ya."

"Naw dude, there's something she's not telling me." Grif said. "Or that Caboose isn't telling anybody."

"I'll ask him." Church lied. Caboose and Sister being involved wasn't a worry to him at all. "Caboose friggin' worships me. He'll do whatever I tell him."

"Seriously?"

"Watch this." Church shouted in Caboose's general direction. "HEY CABOOSE!"

Caboose and Sister were running to the top of the hill and rolling down, racing each other. Caboose called "Yes Church?" and rolled into a rock.

"I want you to go poke Tucker until he explodes." Church yelled, stifling his laughter.

"Dude, your an ass." Grif said, laughing out loud. They watched as Caboose jumped to grab a tree branch. The branch broke off the tree and Caboose ran off with it.

"Wow! Just like the NBA!" Grif said. He laughed again as Sarge literally dived out of Caboose's way.

"He's great at parties."

* * *

>"Oh it's going well! Look!" Donut was in the green room with Tex. "Our carrots are already sprouting. And check this out! I'm growing some mushrooms too!" Donut was beaming at Tex. "I'm thinking that when we get enough vegetables, I can make some pasta too!"<p><p>

"You can do that?" Tex asked

"Yeah! Grif will love it." Donut's eyes sparkled beneath his helmet. "Grif loves eeeeverything I do for him."

"Oh...kay." Tex said, taking a few small steps away from Donut. That sounded kinda gay. "Keep up the good work. Then."

"I also thought it'd be a good idea if I start baking." Donut said.

"What were you thinking about?" Tex asked

"Well, I'll bake a lot of breads and muffins and stuff, we could freeze it all so we'd have it when we need it."

"That's a good idea. Can you preserve some of this stuff?" Tex asked

"I can preserve, can, freeze, dehydrate-"

"Yeah, okay." Tex interrupted him. She feared he might go on for hours. "Just make this last as long as possible."

7. What kind of sex was that?

Authors Note:

For those that are too squeamish to read this, continue to the next chapter knowing there was fast, passionate, sex. Now go get laid, you prude n00b.

For those of you who are not squeamish, I'm not very tasteful.

* * *

>It was late. Everyone else was asleep, except himself. Church yawned as he trudged to the bunk room, pulling his shirt over his head and flinging it into a corner. Now that they weren't fighting the reds, there was nothing to do. No routine. It was strange how making decisions and being bored made him tired.<p><p>

He pulled back his blankets and climbed into bed. Out of curiosity, he moved his head to look at Tex. She was laying awake, looking back at him.

"Hey." Church said.

"Hey." She said. She paused. "Church?"

"Yeah?" He answered, rolling on his side to face her. She moved closer to him, snuggling into his chest, hiding her face. Church put his arms around her. Tex didn't know what she was planning to ask. She was confused and scared. This was a problem that could not be solved. Church lowered his head, looking into her eyes. "What is it, Tex?"

"I don't know." Out of impulse, she kissed his neck. Slowly...gently...lovingly. It then occurred to her what it was. The instinct to protect him, and the need to be loved. She pulled away. "I just...need to be held right now." She felt Church's hand on the back of her neck as he hugged her close.

"It's okay." Church answered, hugging her to him. He understood what she meant. Tex closed her eyes. She felt safe...protected. She felt as if it was okay to show these feelings around Church at that moment. She relaxed her body completely and sighed, letting her mind

settle.

Then, she felt Church's arm move from beneath her. He rolled her over to her back, leaned over her, and kissed her. Tex relaxed again and returned it. Church felt himself go dizzy, overwhelmed with passion and moved down to kiss her neck. Tex moaned and moved her head for him. His kisses were growing more passionate. Tex grinned when Church kissed her collar. She grabbed him around his middle and pulled him on top of her, feeling very playful all of a sudden. Church let out a breathy "oh god" and went for her lips again. She felt a snap as her bra was undone. Church had developed a talent for unhooking a bra one handed, through her shirt, over their years in the past. They lifted themselves off the bed, just long enough for Church to pull her shirt and bra over her head, and then Tex pulled them both back down to the bed, kissing his lips. Her eyes widened as a cold hand found her breast.

"The blanket!" She said, panicky. It was going that direction, and if Tucker or Caboose woke up-

"Fuck it." Church kissed her neck again, then her shoulder. Tex reached around Church and pulled the blanket over them herself, then layed her head back against the pillow. All feelings of sadness were gone. She was gonna get laid. So far, it was better than make-up sex, which was usually pretty good. She grinned and reached beneath the blankets, grabbing the hem of Church's boxers and snapping them. She felt Church's hand on her thigh, then her own pajama pants being pulled down. She grinned victoriously as she kicked them off her ankles, off the edge of the bunk, and onto the floor. Church's own boxers were the last garment, and he was way ahead of her as he pulled them up from beneath the blanket and threw them on the floor, uncaring of where they landed. He closed his eyes and kissed her shoulder. Between his breaths, Tex heard "Bend your knee's."

Finally. Tex spread her legs and bent her knee's, and Church was over her in seconds. He kissed her shoulder, hovering over her before he thrust in to her, grunting. Tex leaned her head back into the pillow and moaned. It had been too long. She moaned as Church repeated. Finally, she curled her toes, grabbed handfuls of the sheets and gasped in absolute pleasure. Church exhaled loudly and rolled off of her. They had tried to be quiet. She looked at Church, who had his eyes closed and was panting a little. He even looked a little sweaty. Tex smiled and pushed hair out of her face. It had gotten everywhere. She smiled as she grinned at Church. It had been a while. Church rolled over on his side to face her and opened his eyes. He wasn't sure what to say. That was kinda like pity sex, or make up sex, but it wasn't either. It was more...special. He grinned and held his arm out, and Tex moved under it.

"Was that pity sex?" Tex asked, her face buried in Church's chest.

"I was thinking the same thing." Church said. He grinned. "No. It wasn't."

"That's good."

A/N:

> This chapter is dedicated to Project Nevermore, who wrote this: Our mental Grif's are very much the same, and for that, she kicks ass.<p>

Also, please be aware, I want to do away with this chapter completely. It's lame.

* * *

>Sister stirred gently awake under her blankets. She sighed, looking forward to another day where-*where* the hell was Caboose?*em* She sat bolt upright and looked next to her, to find he wasn't there. His part of the bed was made and his panda laid against his pillow. A minor disappointment, but it didn't get her down. She smiled and rose from the bed, making her half. After about a week, she gave up trying to hide or deny anything, and pushed their bunks together. No one said anything about it, not like it mattered to her if they did. Caboose seemed please with the arrangement, though confused on how he would fall asleep one way and wake up, being all over her. He didn't object though. He still gave her lots of attention during the day. She'd ask for a hug and he never hesitated to supply. Finally, Sister fluffed her pillow, dropped it, and moved the panda into the middle. She turned and left the room, unaware of the scene behind her...

* * *

>"It smells wonderful."<p><p>

"Good!" Donut beamed. "Now get the fuck out of my kitchen!" Donut, still smiling, grabbed Grif by his shoulders, turned him around, and pushed him out of the room. "I'll save some spoons for you to lick."

The Reds had gotten surprised by Donut waking them bright and early and dragging them to Blue Base. He was eager to get started right away. The first thing he did when they arrived was to harvest all the wonderful vegetables that had reached maturity. Now, Donut hummed to himself as he tossed dough into the air.

Grif however, leaned on a wall outside of the kitchen, having a smoke, complaining.

"Meh."

Grif stood up and left for the common room. Simmons was on the roof of the base with Sarge, demonstrating how to use some of the equipment. He yawned as he fell back onto a couch. None of the Blue's were up yet. It seemed to be that way a lot. They must stay up pretty late.

Uh-ho. Grif didn't like where his mind was headed.

"Yo!"

Grif turned around as Tucker walked into the room, fastening his belt. Tucker was tall with black skin and short black hair. He wore thin wire-rimmed glasses and a smile upon smelling Donut's baking.

"Dude! I smell pizza!" Tucker exclaimed.

"Yeah, but don't go in there." Grif said. "Ever since that day he made cinnamon rolls, he keeps his gun within reach when he's busy."

"What'd you do?" Tucker asked.

"Nothing."

"Ya wanna talk about it?"

"No."

* * *

>Caboose smiled and hummed to himself as he pulled the washcloth out of the bucket and rang it out over Sheila. Sister had been spending a lot of time with him and he forgot to wash her yesterday. He decided that was going to give her extra attention because of it. He still loved Sheila, but he loved Sister in a different way. Couldn't put a finger on it. It was very confusing for him, but not in a bad way. He put it out of his mind as began singing off-key. <p>It didn't take him long to finish, and he ran inside, forgetting his promise of extra attention. Sheila was powered down anyway. Donut might need some help. Ooh! Sister might need another hug! She seemed to need a lot of hugs lately. As Caboose stared at the grass as he walked, he got an idea.<p>

* * *

>"Whatcha makin?" Sarge asked Donut. <p>"Everything!" Donut answered. "Over here I'm making spaghetti, and over there is some stew, and I'm going to start a salad next! I just gotta wait on the pizza crust to finish!"<p>

Everyone had generally recovered from the shock of the news at this point, so Donut called it a celebration. A celebration of life. There were a lot to feed, but a lot of the food was going to be frozen for use for the future. So the whole kitchen was a mess, counters and containers full. Thankfully, Blood Gulch didn't have any type of winter season. Donut then decided it was a good time to get the lettuce he needed. He turned his spaghetti sauce on low heat and left for the green room.

The green room was a pretty accurate description. Things were growing up, down, left, and right. Vegetables were growing tall from the boxes while various herbs hung from pots from the ceiling. Seeing the herbs made Donut remember other things he needed. He picked up a basket and began to dig through a hanging plant, looking for a bayleaf for his sauce. Then...

"Donut!" Yelled Caboose from the doorway. Donut squeaked and dropped his basket out of being startled.

"Jesus, Caboose!" Donut said as he bent over to pick up his basket. "Thank god I haven't picked anything yet."

"Can Donut grow flowers?" Caboose asked, running up to him. Donut

looked confused.

"_Flowers_?" He asked.

"Yes." Caboose answered. "Pretty ones. Ones girls like."

Donut smiled. That was all he needed to hear. He thought about their seed supply for a few moments. All they got was food. Then, Donut remembered.

"Do you think she'd like sunflowers?" Donut asked. "Their yellow." Caboose smiled.

"She wears yellow!" Caboose answered. He ran out of the room giggling madly, and Donut laughed. He turned and continued to harvest the herbs. He could put the sunflowers at the end of the fruit island and restrict their growth so they wouldn't be seen. One or two would be enough. Sunflowers _were_ really big.

* * *

>Church stretched himself awake in his bed. He heard a hairdryer somewhere nearby. Then, it turned off. He looked to see Tex was gone. He noticed her walk out of the bathroom in her armor, putting her hair back in preparation to put her helmet on. Church yawned as he sat up and stretched some more. <p>"Mornin' Tex." he greeted. Tex looked at a clock near her.<p>

"It would be 1:30 in the afternoon." She replied. "Get dressed."

Church looked at her reflection in the mirror. She was brushing her hair. Church smiled and memorized the length of her hair so he'd know next time.

* * *

>Simmons and Grif stood in the kitchen, staring down at the counter. <p>"It's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen!" Grif said. He sounded near tears.<p>

They were leaning on the counter, staring down at a pie.

"It smells like...apples." Simmons said, inhaling the scent. "And cinnamon."

"And...other...pie things." Grif said, staring at it. It was beautiful to him. "Donut's apple pie!"

"It's like an orgasm for the nose...and the eyes..." Simmons said, too entranced by the pie to realize how dumb that sounded. He stared longingly at it. "It's so..."

"Can I touch it?" Grif asked.

"No!" Simmons answered. "Don't touch it. You'll ruin it."

"What the hell are you doing?" Simmons and Grif yelled in surprise and turned around. It was Church. Grif stood in front of the counter, blocking the view of the pie.

"Nothing." They both answered.

"Cause uhhh..." Church said, pulling a pistol from behind him and looking at it. "Donut said not to let you guys near that pie." He looked back up at them. "And he also gave me this gun for some reason."

"We'll go peacefully." Simmons said. He grabbed Grif by the wrist and pulled him out of the room with him.

"Donut's an abusive dictator!" Grif yelled from somewhere. Church laughed to himself. He didn't think Donut was serious.

* * *

>Sister walked to the top of the base and stretched, facing the canyon wall. Looking at the discovery in the sky behind her just made her uncomfortable. She stretched even more, enjoying the feel of being without armor. She looked down into the base. She could hear Grif yelling something about evil dictators, but didn't see anything. Still turned toward the wall of the canyon, she looked skyward. Still bright and sunny. Even brighter now that there was a second smaller sun right behind her. She looked down at the roof of the base and bit her lip. Oh boy. She had been really good about not thinking about it, and she didn't want to be sad about it again. Today, they were celebrating the fact that they were alive and surviving. Being sad would just remind everyone else of the event. She lowered her head and fought tears. <p>"Are you okay?"<p>

She turned around to find Caboose walking up the ramp, carrying a bucket in one hand and his helmet in the other.

"Hi." Sister said, nervously turning back to look into the base. "I'm...fine."

"You look unhappy." Caboose said. He set the bucket and his helmet down beside the teleporter and approached her. She turned to him, but did not look up.

"Just a little...relapse, I guess." She said. She couldn't hold back anymore and sobbed. Caboose, having done it several times already, put his arms around her and held her as she sobbed. It was always the first step to making her happy again.

"It's okay." Caboose said, softly, hugging her tighter. "I will stay here with you." Sister closed her eyes and hid her face in his chest. She knew he would. He was so good to her. So kind. His gentle voice was calming to her. Her sobbing had already begun to ease. She sighed heavily and relaxed in his arms. She felt his hand below her jaw turn her head, and found herself looking in his eyes.

"Do you feel better?" Caboose asked, as he let go of her jaw and returned his arm to her waist.

"A bit." Sister answered. It was the honest answer. She had been working hard to repress the sadness. "Just..."

"Do you want to go inside, where it is not as warm?" Caboose suggested.

"No." Sister answered, burying her face in his chest again. "Just stay here with me." She felt his hand under her jaw moving her head again.

"Please stop doing that." Caboose said, his expression somber. "You are a very pretty girl." Sister looked down a little and smiled. That made her feel a lot better.

"Thank you." She said, facing him and grinning. That really did cheer her up, just like she knew Caboose would.

"Yeah." Caboose said, grinning down at her. "Just like that. You are very pretty when you are smiling."

Sister turned her head to hide her blush and her smile. Then, remembering thoughts from earlier, she decided it was now or never.

"Hey. Caboose?" She said, looking back up at him and summoning courage. "Can I kiss you?"

Caboose turned several shades of red. Sister giggled. It was cute.

"Close your eyes."

She stood on the tips of her toes to reach him. She grinned before she closed her own eyes, and pressed her lips to his.

She moaned quietly as a feeling of extreme relaxed passion washed over them both, and all tension left them. Caboose's arm found it's way around her shoulders and pressed her closer to him, as she linked her hands behind his neck. She held him there as long as she pleased and slowly pulled away, keeping her eyes closed until she was flat on her feet again. Caboose was now burgundy and his eyes were still closed. He opened one eye and, seeing Sister looking at him, closed it again. Sister giggled a little.

"You can open your eyes now." She said, turning a little red.

"I feel all warm and tingly." Caboose said, still red. Sister giggled.

"Come on." she said. She took his hand and smiled up at him. "Let's go inside."

She was still blushing as she led him down the ramp to go inside of the base, forgetting his helmet completely. What had just happened was memorable. Not just memorable, it was love.

* * *

>Donut looked around the wall into the other room in time to see Sister and Caboose enter the room hand in hand. It was cute. Well, that was everybody. With the sauce and the pasta mixed together and the bread sliced perfectly, everything was ready to go out. This would be their first meal of all the vegetables they've grown and baking that was done. From all the leftover crusts, Donut had even managed to make two apple pies. He laughed to himself, remembering

what Church had told him about Grif and Simmons earlier. <p>It was their first meal together, and a successful one. To Donut, it was more than that. It was the start of peace.<p>

"Food is up, guys!"

End
file.